

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee:

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it betwo a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanterne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to London.

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

*Cham.* At hand quoth *Picke-purse*.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou varieest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currât that I told you yester night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & Butter: they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falshood may.

*Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *John hâgs* with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling: tut, there are o-

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ther Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake, make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility & tranquility. Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speak, & speake sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their booties.

*Cham.* What the Common-wealth their Booties? will she hold out Water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cockefure; wee haue the receit of Fernelseed, wee walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernelseed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, home is a cōmon name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poines.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued *Falstaffes* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd vcluet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* *Poines*, *Poines*, and be hangd *Poines*.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

*Fals.* What *Poines*, *Hal*?

*Prince.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

*Fals.* I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tyed them I know not where, if I trauel but 4. foot by the squire further a foot, I shall breake my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworn his company hourelly any time this 22. year, and yet I am bewitcht